

37,000 SEE GIANTS WIN THE OPENING GAME FROM NATIONALS IN TWELVE INNINGS, 4-3

PEACE WITH HONOR LESSON IMPARTED IN SHAFT TO 5,000

President Praises First Division at Memorial Dedication.

SYMBOL OF TRAGEDY AND STERN WARNING

More Than 6,000 Veterans Attend Consecration to Departed Buddies.

Peace—the supreme blessing of peace with honor—this is the final lesson imparted by the First division memorial. President Coolidge declared yesterday in dedicating that shaft to the memory of more than 5,000 members of the First division who were killed in action.

More than 6,000 veterans of the First division aided in consecrating the massive shaft surmounted by a figure of Winged Victory erected on State place, just south of the State, War and Navy building.

Troops and veterans of the famous "First" opened the services with a military parade from Peace monument along Pennsylvania avenue, and south of the White House, and then passed in review before Secretary of War Weeks, Maj. Gen. C. P. Summerall, Maj. Gen. Robert L. Bullard and Brig. Gen. James A. Drain, national commander of the American Legion.

"This monument," President Coolidge reminded the veterans and the Gold Star mothers who were present, "commemorates no man who won anything by the war. It ministers no aspirations to place or power. But it challenges attention to the cost, suffering and sacrifice that may be demanded of any generation, so long as nations permit a resort to war to settle their disputes. It is a symbol of awful tragedy, of unending sorrow and of stern warning. Relieved of all attendant considerations, the final lesson which it imparts is the blessing of peace, the supreme blessing of peace with honor."

President Praises Division.

President Coolidge recalled the stirring record of the First division and praised the men for their devotion and high morale.

"In this presence," he said, "I am well aware there is no need to urge any support of the American Constitution, but I cannot let this occasion pass without expressing my strong and emphatic commendation for the reverence which your words and actions constantly express for the liberty-giving provisions of the fundamental law of our land. You have supported the Constitution and the flag which is its symbol, not only because it represents to you the homeland, but because you know it to be the sole source of American freedom."

After praising the Dawes plan, Mr. Coolidge said, "We shall have the satisfaction of knowing that we have done what we could to dispel the hatreds of war, restore the destruction it has wrought, and lay a firmer foundation for industrial prosperity and a more secure peace. To promote these ends, reserving complete jurisdiction over its own internal affairs and complete independence to direct its own actions, America should always stand ready. I have already indicated many times my wish for an international court and further disarmament."

Thousands View Parade.

Thousands of Washingtonians and admiring visitors lined Pennsylvania avenue early yesterday to view the inspiring parade. Following the detail of police led by Maj. Daniel Sullivan, superintendent of police, came the grand marshal, Maj. Gen. C. P. Summerall, and his staff.

Maj. Gen. Frank Parker, commanding general of the First division, and his staff came next, followed by the massed bands of the First division. The composite regiment of the Sixteenth and Eighteenth infantries, which sailed to this city from New York to participate, came next.

The Army band, known as Pershing's Own, dressed in their newly

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COOLIDGE NOT CHAOS, IN CROWD AT GAME, SAYS GEORGE HARVEY

President Typified the Orderly Throng, Editor Declares.

RESPECT, COURTESY AND GENIALITY THERE

Game Was "Glorious Symphony" in American National Sport.

By GEORGE HARVEY.

There was never a game of baseball like that of yesterday. We mean that, really. Consider: Here was what they call, not wholly to our liking, a "team" that had fought its way from the very bottom to the very top in its own association by the exercise of skill developed through intelligence and application. And, as the inevitable, but, of course, quite pleasurable consequence, they were required to meet in friendly combat the most powerful aggregation of athletes, better trained in a specific pursuit than the world, from Sparta through Rome to the continent of Europe, probably has ever known.

Now, that was no trifling circumstance. It was intensely real, not only to those who were actively engaged but to others of us who looked on, without expert knowledge, but, nevertheless, with a certain instinctive understanding.

To our mind the most impressive phase of the event was its seriousness. We had been led to expect beating of tom-toms, tremendous sounds of encouragement for some, tones of scorn or derision for others and the like, which are reputed abroad to represent the customs of our presumably barbaric land.

Air of Expectancy.

Well, there was nothing of the kind. Never but once before have we felt so strongly the effect of hush and expectancy from a vast multitude. That time was about two years ago—and the place was England. There seemed to be a great many people on the Griffith playground yesterday. The papers reported 37,000. The occasion to which we refer brought together on a similar Saturday afternoon more than 200,000 and, at a stage in the proceedings, in consequence of an oversale of tickets, a vast number broke down all barriers, swarmed over the fields, crushed one another right and left and seemed not only likely but certain to precipitate a riot of incalculable proportions, when suddenly a bugle sounded.

Instantly all stood at attention and turned their faces to the central box of the great stand. There stood a sturdy, steady-looking man about the size of President Coolidge.

"The king!"

That is all that was said, all that was required. The thousands upon thousands who a moment before had been engaged in raging tumult stood subdued and quiet under the irresistible influence of Anglo-Saxon respect for law and order, and nothing happened.

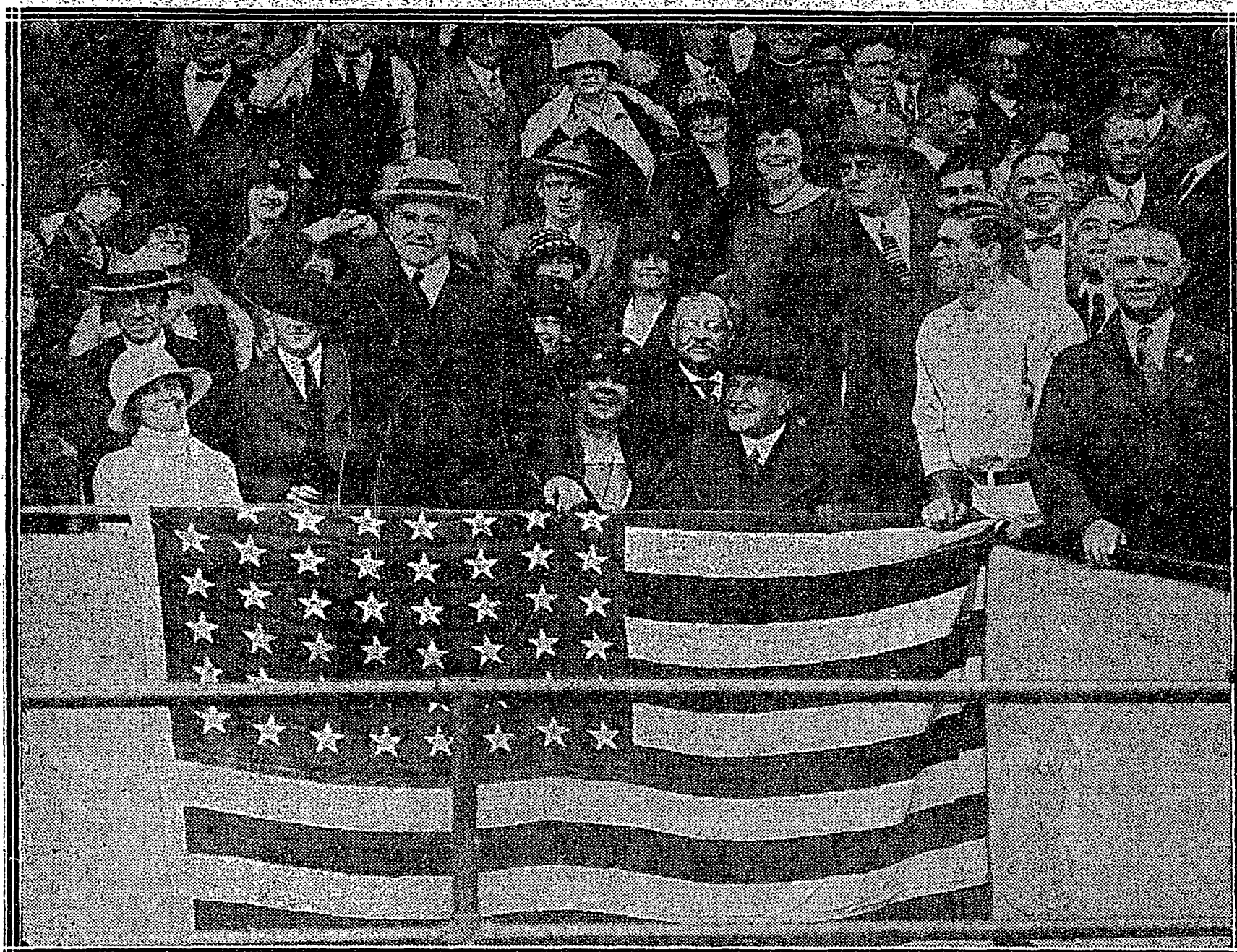
Crowd Was Genial.

Why this somewhat striking episode recurred to mind at Griffith's field we can not say. There was nothing analogous that we can perceive, barring, perhaps, this, that nowhere in the world outside of England or America could so great a crowd as that of yesterday have been assembled and dispersed so pleasantly and so genially without authoritative and offensive direction.

One subtle relationship perhaps, upon reflection, there was in this: There was no chaos; it was all Coolidge. Respect, courtesy, friendliness—those were the feelings clearly manifested for the quiet, smiling, sympathetic gentleman from New England who had taken one of very few half holidays for complete diversion. We are not quite sure whether he was accompanied by Messrs. Butler, Slomp and Stearns; we could not see very clearly over the heads of cabinet officials; but we hope not. He was fairly entitled to a minimum of relaxation and to a maximum of peanuts fresh from Virginia.

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FIRST BALL IN WORLD SERIES THROWN BY PRESIDENT COOLIDGE



President Coolidge just as he wound up to throw the first ball in yesterday's game. On his right is Mrs. Coolidge. Speaker and Mrs. Frederick H. Gillett are on his left, and behind them is Frank Stearns and Mrs. Stearns. Standing in baseball togs is Bucky Harris, and on his left is Clark Griffith. Bascom Slomp is behind Griffith.

Stadium at Catholic U. Dedicated With Program Of Colorful Features

Exercises Vary in Nature and Interest, Holding Attention of Audience of 8,000 Persons—Offered to City as "An Organ of Its Social Life"—Football Game Opens Athletic Field.

Catholic university dedicated its great new stadium yesterday afternoon and in the words of the Right Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, its rector, offered it to the City of Washington as "an organ of its social life."

Exercises kaleidoscopic in color, varied in nature and intense in interest marked the entire program. The football game between Catholic university and the Quantico marines was, of course, the feature. But graphic radio accounts of the world series baseball game play by play, marching, band, clowning, cheering, colorful, cheering and maneuvering airplanes demanded attention from the audience of some 8,000 persons.

The dedicatory exercises began shortly after 2 o'clock, with a procession from Caldwell Hall, where a reception had been held, to the stadium. Secretary of Navy Curtis N. Wilbur, who personally represented President Coolidge, walked at the head of the line in the company of Vincent L. Toomey, chairman of the committee and president of the university alumni, the Right Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, rector of Catholic university, Maj. Gen. John A. Lejune, commandant of marines, and Cuno H. Rudolph, chairman of the board of District commissioners.

Following them were the Most Rev. M. J. Curley, archbishop of Baltimore and chancellor of the university.

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Loan Plans Approved By Reichsbank Heads

Berlin, Oct. 4.—A general meeting of the Reichsbank directors with President Schacht presiding, unanimously approved the reichstag's new bank loan and other provisions made to increase the institution's capital needed in connection with the execution of the Dawes plan.

Dr. Schacht announced that the London negotiations regarding the proposed £40,000,000 German loan have so far progressed that the conclusion of the loan agreement is expected by the middle of next week. The only differences that had arisen, he said, were of a technical character.

Many Families Perish In Honduras Floods

Teiguicapa, Honduras, Oct. 4.—Eight hundred persons are homeless and a great part of the town of Ocoatepeque is under water through the overflowing of the river Mar-chala. In several instances entire families perished in the flood.

Ocoatepeque is in the western part of Honduras, near the Guatemalan frontier.

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Johnson Deserved to Win, Harris Says; Washington Certain of Final Victory

Nationals' Manager Insists Two Home Runs in Season Game Would Have Been Easy Outs—Ruel's Speed in Trapping Men Off Bases and Rice's Throw Praised.

By STANLEY HARRIS.

Manager and Second Baseman of the Washington Team, American League Champions of 1924.

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ARTICLE IV.

As they used to say in the old days, a little disabled, but still in the ring. While suffering a setback on their first appearance in a world's series, the sentiments of the Griffins are these: "It's all in the game. Tomorrow is another day. Every baseball game is just that—a game. If we lose today, we win tomorrow—to make up for the loss."

To be frank, it's rather hard to take defeat, but when a team goes down fighting to the last ditch, as ours did today, it sort of takes the curse off everything. Whatever else may be said, we died game. And this gives the Griffins confidence. The series has only started; is not over by a long shot.

Two world's series runs were our undoing. Under ordinary conditions, and in the regular season, Goslin would have got either of the two home runs that were registered off Walter Johnson before we even got going. The stands, to accommodate the world series crowd, had been built some 15 or 20 yards into the playing field. So Goslin was unable to capture what, to him, would have been merely ordinary outfield flies. However, it was a 50-50 proposition, and the Griffins might have buried hits in the same stands. Again, the breaks of the game.

Homers Ordinarily Easy Outs.

These world's series home runs, while so scored and counted against us, in the regular playing season would have been counted as easy outs. The speed of Walter Johnson, of course, had something to do with both these runs, for, whenever a batter connects with a fast one—"Bang!"—And Walter, today, had the speed of his youth.

Ordinarily, the game pitched by Johnson should have been won. He was never in better form; but the breaks seemed against him from

the first. Just to show what he had, the records give an even dozen strike-outs. That comes near being a record for a world's series game.

The great turning point in the game was the loss of a ball by McNeely in the last inning. If McNeely could have pulled himself together, after Neff's hit, and made a good return to second base with slow Hank Gowdy making for that station, it would have been a sure force-out. As it was, McNeely let the sun dazzle him, shot the ball over toward the stands, and allowed both runners to advance—which put us into a bad position. After getting rid of Frisch, one dangerous man, up came Ross Young the one batter that Johnson had made look bad all day. Up to this time, Young had been swinging and trusting to luck. Yet he got a punk Texas leaguer. And that about settled our hash.

Now Have Giants' Measure.

Another angle is this: The game, going into extra innings, and rather slow in being played, caused darkness to overtake the sun and made the judging of a ball in center field rather difficult. The same sort of ball that Young hit, had it been driven by a Washington player, might have had the same effect on New York's center fielder.

Whatever the outcome of the game, we know now where we stand. The Griffins have taken the Giants' measure, even if they took ours today. We know just how worthy a foe they are, where their weaknesses lie and where their strength. With an even break we are not afraid of the outcome. "Muddy" Ruel, in catching, rolling up against the celebrated "Bank" Gowdy, covered himself with glory. Ruel showed great headwork in trapping Young off third, breaking up a double steal, with Terry on first. That was perfect judgment. Catching Frisch off second, in the third inning, was also a perfect play by Ruel, with a lightning-like peg to Peck. Having

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CIRCUIT DRIVES BY KELLY AND TERRY INTO TEMPORARY LEFT-FIELD STANDS GIVE NEW YORK HARD-FOUGHT CONTEST

Griffins Rush From Behind to Tie Score in Ninth and Come Within Inch of Evening Score in Last Inning.

WALTER JOHNSON STRIKES OUT 12 IN PITCHING DUEL WITH ARTHUR NEFF

President Coolidge and Other Notables Join Frenzied Throng in Cheering Washington's Rallies Against Onslaughts of Veterans in Three-Hour Struggle.

By N. W. BAXTER, Sports Editor, The Post.

The hopes of the Washington team for victory in the opening game of the 1924 world's series were lost yesterday afternoon in the morass of humanity that formed in the fifteen rows of temporary seats erected in front of the left field pavilion, better to accommodate the thousands that sought to witness this year's renewal of the baseball classic.

The New York Giants, representatives of the National league, and these fifteen rows of seats scored 4 runs and Washington, American league entry, 3, but only after twelve innings of baseball that brought everyone of the 37,000 spectators, including the President of the United States and most of his official family, to their feet time after time.

With the game went the roseate dream, which half the nation had shared with Walter Johnson, that "The Old Master" would reach the apogee of his diamond career on the day's battlefield.

Johnson was not the invincible pitcher that he has so often been, during the time that he faced the opposition in his first world series test. His work was streaky, flashed at times with the lean of perfect mastery and at others with the fat of opportunity for the enemy.

Stands Usurped Playing Field.

Granting that his work was not perfection, Johnson would have scored the triumph that he sought had the playing field been its normal size. Two Giant runs, from the bats of "Long George" Kelly and "Bill" Terry, looped their way into about the fifth row of the seats that usurped the usual area of the diamond. The world's series knows no ground rules. Each ball, as it followed its long deliberate trajectory, split a run and these two runs the margin of victory for the players of John McGraw.

A two-run lead from the lap of the gods handed to the opposition might have discouraged many pitchers. It failed to do this to Johnson. It might have removed the heart from many teams. It did not from Washington. Bucky Harris and his gallant band tied the score once in the ninth to add three stanzas to the verse and in the twelfth other drawn innings seemed in sight when the final out prevented Harris' step upon home plate from counting as a run.

There were incidents in this final inning that might also be termed one of the "breaks" that shattered Washington's hope of victory. Rice chose to gamble for an extra base when Southworth momentarily juggled his hit to center which sent Harris to third. He gambled and lost, for he was thrown out at second.

Harris did not join in the gamble. He stayed on third when the play was made for Rice at second. If both had rolled the dice or neither, there were many last night who believed either that the outcome of the game might have been reversed or its life prolonged.

The game was unlike those of the past three years in many respects, but most of all because yesterday's contest was fought before an audience such as the history of the game has never seen before. It was a home town crowd, another characteristic that made it differ from the bi-partisan series of New York, and the neighborly spirit that prevailed was shared by all the thousands who sat about the field of play.

President Coolidge rose with his constituents the better to observe the Washington rallies of the ninth and twelfth innings. He betrayed his nervousness, as the Giants threatened and then drove home the final blow, by gripping the rail before him. The men and women in the boxes, grandstands, pavilions and bleachers were his prototypes in their ambition and anxiety.

Largest Sport Crowd Ever Here.

It was the largest audience that ever assembled in the National Capital for a sport event, and because of the overflowing demand for a chance to be among those present it could not be limited to the park itself. The fences about the field and the roofs of houses without its limits were festooned and garlanded with onlookers who sought as anxiously to turn the hand of fate as those within.

As the game goes into the records—and history will not concern herself with the ifs and ands of those two home runs—it will be said that New York played the better ball. The Giants displayed the greater punch. Commiseration for Walter Johnson can not cloak the fact that Arthur Neff, participating in his fourth world's series, pitched a wonderful game—the best game—nor can justification be found for the contention that the Nationals' defense was a bit more stubborn than the way in which the visitors fought back any effort to find the breach.

And yet there were those fifteen rows of seats. Without them the Giant outlasses might well have been dulled. Neither of the balls that Kelly and Terry lofted out of Goslin's reach need have been home runs with conditions at the park as they have been throughout the scheduled playing season. They might have been outs. They might have been doubles or even triples, but they would not have been runs, a distinction with a decided difference in a game won by the margin of a single point.

"This is going to be a game with nothing to write about but two home runs," said one of the baseball correspondents as the last half of the final inning opened. "Both pitchers have worked well, there have been no errors, no substitutions."

And that was more or less the game up to that point. The two Giant home runs and one score worried across by Washington in the sixth, when McNeely doubled, Harris sacrificed him along and Rice brought him home by similar tactics.

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